UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson | Louis L. Mann | Curtis W. Reese

"Open Covenants Openly Arrived At"

By JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

Art and Democracy

By PAUL H. GRUMMANN

The Poetic Map of America

By RALPH CHEYNEY

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XXXIII and XXXIV

By M. K. GANDHI

VOLUME CI | NUMBER 10

Chicago, May 7, 1928

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

UNITY

(Established 1878)

A JOURNAL *of the* RELIGION *of* DEMOCRACY

Subscription, $3.00 per Annum

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Vol. 1 March 1, 1878 No. 1

THE Pamphlet Mission FOR FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP & CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY AT 65 WASHINGTON ST., CHICAGO.
Per Year, $1.50. Single Number, 10 Cents.

FRANCIS L. ROBBINS, 65 Washington St., Chicago, - Business Agent.
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UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879"

UNITY

A Journal of the Religion of Democracy

Editors:

John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

UNITY is a weekly paper, sixteen pages, containing timely editorial comment, special articles, foreign correspondence by its own representatives in Europe and Asia, book reviews, and regular reports of news from the field of liberal thought and action.

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700 Oakwood Boulevard **CHICAGO**

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CI MONDAY, MAY 7, 1928 NUMBER 10

REALIST PACIFISM

The word "pacifism" is its own worst enemy. None the less, it has to be rehabilitated. Mr. Kellogg bids fair to rehabilitate it. For the first time in modern diplomatic history a first class Power has made a move towards undiluted, unqualified pacifism in world affairs. It promises to enable a distracted world to take its first businesslike step towards settled peace.

—The London Observer, April 15, 1928.

UNITY takes pride and pleasure in announcing the accession to its editorial staff of Mr. Harrison Brown, of London, England. Mr. Brown will be remembered by our readers as author of several recent articles on English and European affairs. He is best known as the European representative of the American Committee for the Outlawry of War, of which Mr. S. O. Levinson is chairman. In the course of his official duties, Mr. Brown journeys frequently to great European capitals and meets men of large importance in the world's affairs. As a member of the UNITY staff, he will devote himself primarily to reporting the progress of peace in general and of Outlawry in particular in the lands across the sea. We prophesy that his letters, which may be anticipated at intervals of a month or six weeks, will rank among the most important European correspondence now appearing in this country.

It is rather difficult imagining the austere and majestic Washington bursting out into laughter. But if there is a heaven, and if the immortal George is in it, and if the honored dead care enough about the antics of their successors to watch them from the crystal parapets, there was more merriment on the Washington countenance a few weeks ago than there ever was in the days of the mortal flesh. For surely the Father of his country must have been convulsed, like the Homeric gods, with unextinguishable laughter when he witnessed the sublime spectacle of the Daughters of the American Revolution making a pious pilgrimage the other day to lay a wreath upon the sacred tomb at Mt. Vernon. Here is an organization which is one of the most reactionary, aristocratic, hard-shelled intolerant groups of persons in the country. Their one "fixation" is to support the powers-that-be at any cost, and to destroy anybody and everybody who dares to stand in opposition of any kind to established authority and convention. And it is these dames of ultra-respectability who journeyed to do homage at the tomb of a man who was a rebel against his king, a soldier in arms against his government, a revolutionist who sought the overthrow and destruction of existing political and social institutions. George Washington was the leading "Bolshevik" of his age. Had the present-day Daughters been alive in 1775, they would have been at that time what they are at this time, Tories of the deepest, darkest dye. The truth about the matter is, of course, that the decoration of the tomb of Washington by the Daughters of the American Revolution was an act of desecration and defilement. To force this judgment, however, is to take seriously these silly, stupid women. A sense of humor saves us, as it saves Washington if he knows what's going on. What happened at Mt. Vernon was a joke which made the staid Potomac ripple with merriment, and the very stones of the tomb to crack with laughter.

The biggest and rottenest gambling game in the world has been under full headway in recent weeks. Lotteries, horse-racing, baseball pools, all are as nothing when compared from the standpoint of public demoralization with the stock-exchange. Millions are at it, in a perfect fever of money-lust, and as usual a few of the big fellows are walking off with the booty and the millions of little fellows, like sheep, are being shorn. Ninety-six per cent of the people who "play the market," we have been told, are losers; two per cent break somewhere even, and a final two per cent make winnings, and huge winnings. The explanation is easy. The happy few are on the "inside." They rig the market just the way the owner of the roulette wheel rigs his machine. They know just how things are going—indeed, they "fix" just how things are going. And the huge gains they grab all come from the poor fools gambling on the outside for a lucky strike. It's robbery, every bit of it! But the serious thing, after all, is not the crookedness of the system, but the gambling-fever among the people which makes the system possible. Here is the perfect illustration, to our mind, of the real character of our economic order. Capitalism exists for no other purpose than money-making. Its one prime object is profits—the quicker and larger, the better! The spiritual result of such an order is of

course the passion for money, and few there are who escape its contagion. In the stock-exchange we have the very temple of Mammon. In the millions who gamble in stocks, we have the worshippers of the great god. And in unemployment, crime, poverty, miners' strikes, wars, and all the rest, we have the blood of the victims offered up upon the golden altars. Curious—or *is* it curious!—that in Soviet Russia there is no stock-exchange.

In nominating Norman Thomas for the presidency, the Socialist Party of American put its best foot forward. Mr. Thomas, once an active Presbyterian minister in New York and still a member in good and regular standing of that clerical fellowship, first came into wider influence and prominence during the Great War, when he took his place among that little group of ardent pacifists and courageous champions of liberty who saved almost single-handed during this period the free spirit of America. Mr. Thomas did priceless and heroic service for the conscientious objectors, and later wrote the standard history of this remarkable movement. As a journalist he has served successfully as editor of the *World Tomorrow* and associate-editor of the *Nation*. In these later years, he has become more and more closely identified with the labor world, and is now Secretary of the League for Industrial Democracy. In the political field he has run well as Socialist candidate for the mayoralty of New York City and the governorship of the State. Norman Thomas is able, well-informed, courageous, devoted—an ideal example and exponent of American as contrasted with European Socialism. His running mate, "Jim" Maurer, is a veteran labor leader, a man of sterling character and colorful personality. At the present moment he is a member of the Socialist city government of Reading, Pennsylvania. The Socialist platform is a notable document denouncing "the wars, waste and cruelty" of the existing economic system, and calling for "the united efforts of farmers and workers by hand and brain, through their cooperatives, unions and political party (to) save us." The chief planks of a "constructive program" of reform specify "public ownership and conservation," "unemployment relief," "labor legislation" (health, accident and unemployed insurance, old age pensions, shorter work-day, abolition of child labor, etc.), improved methods of taxation, preservation of civil liberties, an anti-lynching bill, a Constitutional Convention for the restoration of true political democracy in our time, the nationalization of banking and currency, farm relief, and a comprehensive international program for the ending of imperialism and militarism and the establishment of peace. Socialists or non-Socialists, we must all rejoice that such an opposition party is in the field.

The war against alcohol has invaded Mexico. General Alvaro Obregon, candidate for the Presidency and without doubt the successor to Calles, has declared in a sensational campaign speech that "reaction is our principal enemy and alcohol is its most formidable ally." "We must show," he went on to say, "that public opinion arraigns at the bar of justice all those who encourage the consumption of alcohol, since it atrophies mental faculties and morals and destroys the social order." This is the basis, of course, of the successful Prohibition campaign in this country, and we only wish that all Americans could see as clearly as General Obregon sees the real point at issue. Nobody wants to interfere with personal liberty or intrude upon private morals. Blue Laws so-called are as intolerable to the sane Prohibitionist as to anybody else. But there are enemies of the public welfare which have to be dealt with by the power of public opinion as registered in law. Among these are prostitution, opium, gambling, bad sanitation, impure food, dirty milk—and alcohol! It would be well if our radicals in particular, and the great masses of the labor world, would see, just as Obregon states, that there is no one foe to their interests so powerful and so dangerous as drink. The Czars of old Russia knew this well and therefore saw to it that the peasants were well soaked in vodka. The Communists see the same thing the other way around—they also are trying to keep the peasants quiet by restoring the vodka which was banished so inevitably in the early days of the Revolution. A clear mind and a brave heart constitute a first essential of a successful war against injustice and repression, and it is time that all men knew that alcohol muddies the mind and poisons the heart.

An amazing article written by an eminent medical authority, and published in a recent number of the *American Mercury*, attempts to demonstrate the proposition that all the anti-tuberculosis work done in recent years at such enormous expense has been without avail. We still have tuberculosis with us; the disease has diminished to a certain extent, but this diminishing began 'way back in the early part of the last century, and has probably not been accelerated a fraction of a per cent by the organized propaganda and health work of the anti-tuberculosis associations. In other words, things would have been much the same today if these associations had never raised or expended a single penny. Whether this proposition is sound or not, we do not know; it strikes us fantastic. Yet does it seem to be substantiated in a disturbing way by experience in other fields. Take education, for example! Think of the uncounted millions of dollars which have been spent in this country on education! What good has it done? Sheer illiteracy has been cut down appreciably, we have no doubt. But have we raised up a really educated as contrasted with a merely literate population? If so,

how account for the vast areas of ignorance in America after all these years of school-houses and academies and colleges? How explain the Ku Klux Klan, the "red" mania, the Dayton trial, and Thompsonism in Chicago? Again, take the matter of crime! Think of all that we have been doing in recent years! Remember the settlement-houses, the public playgrounds, the fresh-air farms, the juvenile courts, the crime commissions, the prison associations, and all the rest! Money and mentality have been lavishly expended to prevent crime at one end and to cure crime at the other. Yet crime is a more serious problem today than it has ever been before. What is the matter? Is all our boasted labor waste motion? Where is the answer?

Truth ever gets its worst wounds in the house of its professed friends. Since the days of the Christian apostles there has not lacked the vision of a society from which private greed may be banished and material good be the more good for being the common possession. The light shines very faintly at times. At others, like the present, it flares forth to fill multitudes with a thrilling hope. Yet now, as so often in the past, a greed the more coarse and vulgar that it is so impotent, cloaked under sacred names and professions, makes havoc of these hallowed hopes. The unquestioned gains of human well-being and common freedom in Russia, for example, are being compromised, if they do not suffer peril of loss, from the over-reaching intolerance and greed of power among leaders of communism everywhere. Certainly the cause which has enlisted the devotion of many free spirits in every land is being betrayed by the vulgarity and harsh dogmatism of numbers of those who profess the Communistic faith. They make it impossible for refined natures to abide in assemblies they rudely presume to dominate. They display the manners of beasts, which probably reveal natures attune. They masquerade under a name. Like many of the Christians whom they denounce, they are themselves false to the sanctities of the faith which they profess. They are not what they would have the observer believe them to be. They have not the germinal idea of the cause whose terminology they mouth. Forward-looking and free spirits must believe still in the cause they betray. Doubtless they must be forgiven. But those of the doughtiest hope must still cry out, How long! How long! The common good can be attained only through the spirit of universal good-will. The veiled and petty greed of our boisterous "Communists" can only postpone the day.

"Open Covenants Openly Arrived At"

Woodrow Wilson had no clearer vision and no braver mind at any time in his public career than when he proclaimed the principle of "open covenants openly arrived at" as a condition of durable peace. He lifted here a standard to which all the nations must repair if ever they are to establish and maintain unbroken the long-desired relations of amity and concord. That President Wilson himself lowered this standard at the peace negotiations in 1919 is one of the major tragedies of his life. Had he insisted at any cost upon the recognition of the principle of open diplomacy by the Allies, it is at least possible that "the madness of Versailles" might have been averted. The moment he assented to the closing of the doors, at that moment the "madness" was made certain.

What President Wilson did not do at Paris, Secretary Kellogg has now been doing at Washington in a way that has startled the chancellories of the world and riveted the attention of mankind. When M. Briand sent his initial Outlawry letter to the United States, he opened negotiations that would have been conducted in secret if the immemorial practise of governments had been followed. Indeed, it has been a complaint of diplomats everywhere, throughout the whole period of this somewhat prolonged correspondence between America and France, that discussion has all been at long range, by letter, instead of by intimate talk between man and man, and that all the letters involved have been promptly published instead of being held inviolate in the confidential archives of the Department of State. Nay, worse than this, in the very midst of these most delicate and difficult negotiations, Secretary Kellogg has actually taken the platform and explained to popular audiences the points and purposes of his policy. What is this man doing? Seeking to achieve something diplomatically, or seeking simply to advertise loudly and therefore hypocritically the peace ideals of a hard-beset administration on the eve of a presidential election?

The answer to this question is easy. The American Secretary of State is playing deliberately a diplomatic game for the highest stakes in human history—the universal and permanent peace of the world, and he is using in his game the biggest trumpcard in the pack—namely, *publicity*. He is doing what Woodrow Wilson should have done in Paris—let everybody in on the game, so that the mind and conscience of mankind may follow every move. From the beginning, every newspaper reader in this and every other land has shared with his official representatives a knowledge of all that is being said and done. Not once has appeal been made to "high interests of public policy" to justify concealing what need be hidden only because it is dishonest and therefore unseemly. What Secretary Kellogg and M.

Briand know, we know, and the citizens of France know, and the citizens of all other nations know. The adjuration of the Apostle Paul is heeded, "Let us walk honestly, as in the day—not in strife and envying."

To understand the significance and value of conducting thus publicly these negotiations looking to a warless world, we only have to think of what we have lost and what we have gained by this policy. We have lost what will never be missed—a seething ferment of suspicion as to what was going on behind closed doors. This suspicion would have been followed by constant explosions in the form of rumors, sensational charges, and monstrous imaginings of what these secret parleyings portended. Even though everything were as honest and thorough-going in private as now in public, and there were nothing therefore to justify suspicion, still the suspicion would have been there, and this would have created an atmosphere which in itself would have made impossible a successful completion of the negotiations.

On the other hand, see what has been gained by this policy of publicity! The people of the world, in the course of a few months, have been educated to an understanding of the war and peace problem. They know what Outlawry means, and how it can and should be secured. More than this, the people of the world have been, or are being, mobilized in support of the Outlawry program. Every letter that has been published in this somewhat protracted correspondence has rallied to Secretary Kellogg's support a larger and ever more intelligent body of public opinion in all portions of the globe. Whatever else they do, or do not do, these negotiations have justified themselves as a process of education and organization of peace sentiment.

While these lines are being written, Secretary Kellogg's model treaty for the outlawry of all war lies before the great powers of the world. What will happen to this treaty, nobody can even guess. Our own faith is strong, if for no other reason than that, for the first time in history, we have an "open covenant" which is being "openly arrived at."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Jottings

It may be true that there is nothing better in our legal procedure than the jury system. Judge Webster Thayer, of Sacco-Vanzetti fame has just said so. But when a Harry F. Sinclair is triumphantly acquitted, it seems as though there could be nothing worse than this same jury system.

The more we hear about the Ku Klux Klan, the more we understand why the Klansmen wear masks. They do so, of course, to hide their faces for very shame.

Mexico is not the only country which is mobilizing for the fight against alcohol. Soviet Russia is now seeing that she made a mistake in restoring vodka, and must again get rid of it. Only a few weeks ago Bukharin addressed a great meeting in Moscow called to organize the battle against the new drink evil.

The publishers of Dr. Durant's "The Story of Philosophy" announce that 200,000 copies of this book have been sold. This means not less than 1,000,000 readers. This seems amazing—until is noted that, on this estimate, there are not less than 109,000,000 people in the country who have *not* read the book! What is the matter with these people that they ignore so fascinating a volume?

Henry Ford refused lately to go to Ireland because of the tariff on his automobiles. Here at last is discovered one good thing about a tariff. Perhaps if we put a tariff on books, we might keep out a few of the annual flock of authors who light upon our shores.

The Ameer of Afghanistan has had his tonsils removed. Well, well! Royalty is getting more commonplace every day.

J. H. H.

Revelation

Not in the sacramental wine,
Nor in the bread, is the divine;
Nor in the table of the Lord
Is found the Ever Living Word:
Nor church, nor chalice, priest or place
Makes us to see God face to face;
Within, without, below, above,
Love only answereth to love.

The House of God is everywhere
Love dwelleth in unselfish care.
And everywhere are they ordained
Through whom the common good is gained.
Beyond the wisdom of the creeds
Is service of the common needs,
And God and man are always one,
Wherever honest work is done.

They only know the truth, who know
How daily in the truth to go;
They only are the pure who find
Their purity in being kind.
And theirs the revelation is,
Beyond all codes and prophecies,
Who face the future without fear,
And live the everlasting here.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

Art And Democracy

It is a well known fact that the art of Assyria, Babylonia, and Egypt rested squarely on autocracy and it is not difficult to detect this fact when this art is scrutinized. The purpose clearly was to impress the subject peoples with the authority that lurked in the background of this art.

The pyramids, the tombs and the palaces clearly give just this impression. This is true not only of the architectural structure which strives for impressiveness, but also of the decorations. The Assyrian sculptures are conventionalized in order to give the impression of power and authority. The mural decorations of the Egyptians show a peculiar predilection for pageantry which again is one of the old, old agents of tyranny.

This tyranny is not confined to the state but is shared by the church. Since priest and king are frequently identical in early civilizations, this would seem quite natural. The priesthood assumed that it had a monopoly of wisdom as the king had a monopoly of power. Early ecclesiastical art, therefore, breathes the same spirit that is found in the art of the tyrant. Since the priesthood had a monopoly of wisdom it was but natural that it should impress the people with the infallibility of its wisdom. We therefore find the same character in the temples and we find the priesthood resorting to pageantry and ritual in order to create a properly docile multitude.

Since the rulers and priests had a monopoly of power and wisdom, that art which would most effectively teach submission and devotion would prove most effective. This calls for an instructional art which dispenses its wisdom from above. Such preaching art is fond of regalia, of cap and gown, of sceptred and robed figures. Such art will always attempt to drive home its superior wisdom by means of a formal symbolism.

In spite of the fact that Greece was not without slaves, there is nevertheless an atmosphere of freedom about Greek art. We feel that comparatively free men built the Parthenon and chiseled the Venus of Milo and the Hermes. We do not feel that this art was created by men who would say to the multitude: "Come and worship at the shrine of our power and wisdom." One vaguely feels that these Greeks wrought their works with the consciousness of Socrates who was convinced that the end of wisdom is to realize that we cannot know anything but that we may devoutly strive for something. For this reason, Greek art is distinguished by a striking lack of symbolism and pageantry; for this reason it lacks that conventionalizing that comes with an over-emphasizing of outward discipline; for this reason it lacks the taint of teaching some lesson to the uninitiated.

It is interesting to follow out this idea in later history. Tyrannies have always tried to make architecture their servant from the days of the Roman emperors, and it will be quite miraculous if Mussolini will not do the same thing that Louis XIV and Napoleon III did to impress their power upon their fellow men.

The church has done just this thing. Mohammedan mosque and Christian cathedral were built to impress the hoi polloi with the infallibility of certain doctrines. The builders of the cathedrals were convinced that they had great immutable truths that should, by right, receive universal homage. Therefore they made their art preach these things to the multitude. It is but natural that they employed symbolism, regalia and robes in order to accomplish this end.

The church went so far as to develop a drama with this end in view. The mysteries, miracles and moralities were all written on this assumption, that the superior wisdom of the clergy should be duly impressed upon the mob. It will be noted, however, that this form of pageantry drama went into bankruptcy at the beginning of the modern era when the real drama which is not built on spiritual authority came into existence.

Some of the old tyrannical art has come down to us. Churches have continued to preach through their buildings, their decorations, their pageantry, but anyone would be rash to assert that this has invariably been good for the art involved. The danger is not as great as it once was. There is a multiplicity of churches now and it is not imperative that all submit to the art that is offered by any individual church. With the great multiplicity of churches, any group that is erecting a new one will think twice before they make themselves ridiculous in the modern world by too much preaching, too much symbolism, too much pageantry.

The old art also survives in the secret orders where it remains quite impressive. A lodge has a pretty definite set of doctrines which it tries to impress upon the initiates. They use the old modes of art, but it may be said in their defense that no one is forced to join the Masons or the Knights of Columbus against his own will. If he does so, he is willing to submit to what he considers superior wisdom, and it is correct enough to submit to the pageantry.

Scholarship, as it touches art, frequently gets involved in the old idea. Even philosophers have difficulty in getting rid of the notion that they have attained to superior wisdom and can reconstruct the world by dispensing their infallibility. In this respect they are like the Egyptian priests. It is but natural that they want music, architecture, painting, and drama to teach something aside from revealing their beauty and eternal aspiration. They would turn buildings, poems, songs, paintings into text books for they are strongly conscious that the wisdom at which they have arrived can be dispensed to the mob.

The real art of democracy must, however, divorce itself from this old tyrannical tradition. It must be the free expression of free men striving for greater perfection, not hampered by a tyranny that seeks to establish power, or a priesthood that has arrived at absolute imperishable wisdom.

PAUL H. GRUMMANN.

Lincoln, Nebraska.

City Street

I know that Jesus must have been divine
Upon the cross in anguish thus to linger
For men in whose behalf, were his place mine,
I would not give one joint of my least finger.

KENNETH W. PORTER

"For What We Have Received"

God gave me at last the things that I besought him
And I could be exuberant and kind;
But oh, the way I was while he denied me
Will never leave my mind!

DOROTHY LEONARD.

The Poetic Map of America

(Poetry and Social Ideas in America.)

The world is tumbling about our ears. The old order has collapsed. "The World War brought to an end the illusionment of bourgeois idealism." We stand among falling debris. America is becoming or has become industrialized. Individualism of the pioneers has fallen away before standardization, largely due to advertising. The trust has risen and capitalism expanded. Excavation has begun for new structures. Youth is more aware and articulate. The creation of some valid order of values is the most fascinating and imperative task the intellect faces today. The creation of values in the emotional realm is the primary function of poetry. "Chaos gives birth to a dancing star only if we breathe into it that visible, audible fragrance of passion which is poetry," as I have said elsewhere. "The world will be new-born only with the spread of that conscientiousness which is creation, and poets are the pioneers of consciousness. Life is faith. Without faith there can be no poetry and without poetry no civilization."

A poem is a rune, spell, incantation, evocation. Poetry throws open mental windows and doors, pushes back horizons, reveals new heavens and leads us back to Mother Earth with a fresh vision of how to regain Eden. What we see often we do not see at all. The statement of Simonides, "Literature is spoken painting," should stand beside Madame De Stael's "Architecture is frozen music." Poets clear our eyes and sharpen our ears. Poetry is first aid to those of whom the Bible speaks as having eyes but seeing not, having ears but hearing not. True physically and spiritually. Poetry serves civilization and helps usher in a happier world as no other human activity can. For the very essence of poetry is *sympathy*. To achieve poetry, you must "put yourself in John's place," shift your psychic centre from your narrow self to your deeper self, the world self and each of its manifestations. The poet broadens consciousness of self to social and cosmic consciousness, perceiving and conveying the unity of all life.

The poet has a real task in the work of the world. He is a practical man filling a needed role. There are two main types of poetry, that of escape from the world around us and that of acceptance of it and affirmation of the beauty of it, the first sedative, the second stimulant. Poe was proponent of the first, Whitman of the second. Both find essential unity in enriching our moods, strengthening our introvert life in an extravert world, clarifying and intensifying our emotional natures, the source of our impulses and desires and values.

The major trend is now toward affirmation.

Poets have conquered the American scene, though not American attention. Returning from the regions washed by the Milky Way and from lands that never were, they are harvesting throughout the nation. A poetic map of America could easily be drawn with every section bearing the name of its explorers and exploiters.

Inland New England would be Frosty, the coast Snowy, Chicago rechristened Sand*burg*. What Frost, Snow and Sandburg have done for their necks of the woods, Charles Erskine Scott Wood has achieved for the desert of the Southwest and Robinson Jeffers for the rocky coast of the Northwest, Edgar Lee Masters for the little towns strung on Main Streets that lead to Chicago or points west, others for other sections of the country. Mightier than Mohammed, poets have moved Parnassus to America—stressing less the "Poe" in "Poetry" and putting "Wit" in "Whitmanesque."

Though the Muse of many poetasters still affects an Oxford accent, though many verse editors show Anglo-philistinism, though Tennyson, empty of all but wind and astoundingly full of that, led as favorite poet in the questionnaires that compose Braithfaite's "Who's Who in American Poetry"—still the hold of the New England group, bewhiskered of face and mind, has fortunately been broken, and the poetic frontiers have been swept from the golden keys to the Golden Gate.

Poets have conquered the contemporary scene. Pegasus galloped swiftly after Lindbergh, who could almost have walked to Paris on the number of pages spoiled by poor poems in his honor. Skyscrapers are rapidly and properly crowding temples out of books of poetry. The Muse is dancing the black-bottom and scrapping her chariot for a flivver. Of course her hair is bobbed! Fewer poems are being written about forget-me-nots and more about city squares. Dear little birds are being hushed in the fields of poetry by the blare of traffic. The sirens are not those who lured sailors to destruction but those who command workmen to creation. And all of this is as it should be—and may there be more of it!

It is too late to destroy the machines. We must conquer them. The machine age is here to stay—and our souls can survive only if they can find in it the beauty upon which they must feed. Beauty is in the seer, not the seen—". . . and, all unseen, Romance brought up the 8:15" (or however it runs). There is glory in speed as well as in Athens, grandeur in power as well as Rome. James Oppenheim and Joseph Auslander, MacKnight Black and Carl Sandburg have wrought nobly for enduring culture in helping us to see the splendor of the contemporary industrial scene.

Poets have conquered in their work modern material America. But modern material America has also conquered most of the poets.

Poets have not conquered America by their work. America has no use for poets. It is willing to spend millions on every exercise except the exercise of imagination and the sympathies which is poetry.

How does America regard poets today? A half-million dollars a year is not regarded as an especially large advertising appropriation by any of our really large corporations. Babe Ruth receives a salary of seventy thousand dollars a year. Yet I know of no poet who supports himself entirely by his poetry. "Eddie" Guest, of course, is no poet—and he is the one possible exception. The average American regards poetry as a pretty pastime, quite futile and a little foolish.

Editors of money-making magazines look on poetry as a cheap way to fill a few holes left between stories, articles and advertisements. "Advertisements are the favorite literature in these Saturday Evening Pestiferous days. The more advertisements and the

fewer poems a magazine runs, the more popular does it seem to be." The "Saturday Evening Post" has three million circulation. I understand that "Poetry" has less than three thousand. "Colliers" has more than one million six hundred thousand. "Contemporary Verse" has about one thousand. The "Nation's Business" has a quarter of a million and "Better Homes and Gardens" has more than a million circulation. You could count on the fingers of one hand the American poetry magazines that have half a thousand.

Moreover, a poet is fortunate to receive five dollars for a poem which represents as much labor and contributes far more to the world than a short story for which the writer receives five hundred dollars or more. America supports many thousands of musicians and not a single poet. The followers of the greatest of all callings are compelled to make it an avocation, not a vocation. True poets are the supreme priests and, though they are not crucified as was the greatest poet of all, they are made to suffer.

Accordingly, poetasters forge forward with forged verse.

Clever versifiers like Guiterman abound who poke fun, often in spite—and always in spite of the merit of their subjects. They never poke it far—its point, like beauty, is only skin-deep. Irony and satire have but a handful of celebrants. Stephen Vincent Benet and Elinor Wylie may qualify after a fashion and to please a fashion. Bodenheim's legerdemain *may* also entitle him to a place.

Love poems are always with us. But how many poets boldly and thoughtfully deal with the basis of love, the fountain of life: sex? Edna St. Vincent Millay, E. E. Cummings, Gustav Davidson, D. H. Lawrence, Joseph T. Shipley and a few others there are; but pitifully few.

Side by side on my desk stand two significant anthologies of poetry. One is entitled, "The Spirit of St. Louis," and is a collection of one hundred verses, including a couple of poems, celebrating the physically conspicuous but spiritually unimportant exploit of Charles A. Lindbergh, seeming-superman of yesterday, hero of today, undoubtedly forgotten figure of tomorrow. The other is entitled, "America Arraigned," and is a collection of fifty-nine poems protesting against the murder by Massachusetts of those two noble martyrs in the cause of world brotherhood, Sacco and Vanzetti. The poems in the first anthology were selected from among thousands, those in the second from a couple of hundred. The first has been widely reviewed by the press, the second almost ignored. "America Arraigned" represents the work of a number of America's greatest poets—among them Edna St. Vincent Millay, Lola Ridge, Mary Siegrist, Babette Deutsch, John Gould Fletcher, Clement Wood, Witter Bynner, Alfred Kreymborg and Arthur Davison Ficke. But these names are a few bright sails set *against* the tide.

America has infected most of her poets with her cheap materialism. They rest content with surfaces. Their work is smooth, smart and shallow. They deal with contemporary material matters but do not seek to interpret them. They warble or gargle their pretty ditties, paint their pictures or spin their yarns in verse; but not in a very blue moon does their work contribute to the understanding of life.

The poets who rebel against the smug, superficial materialism of the age in this imperialistic nation and contribute thought as well as words are in the main pessimistic. Their poems are question-marks. They face frustration and see the hole in the universe. Not seeing the hope of a new, true civilization that is rising in the East, notably Russia and India, their eyes are fixed on the downfall of the Western World and they despair.

The horror that shudders through the work of Robinson Jeffers, the tart and pointed preoccupation with the nonhuman that is obvious in the poems of Mark Van Doren, the petrified weazened apples of wisdom that are contributed by other members of the "Nation" clique, the mockingbird that sings in the lines and heart of Conrad Aiken—these are dominant in the thoughtful poetry of today. Is there not some fair and fertile virgin soil beyond the wasteland, some faith on which poets may seize?

Yes: the answer must be if poety is to survive. For, as Emerson said, "Poetry is faith." Where can the poets of today find a living faith, how can they make their work a force in the life of today? To our mind there can be but one answer. The poets can find faith only where it is found by the workers: in the movements dedicated to ushering in the Co-operative Commonwealth.

Proof that some poets are finding strength in the surge of the demand for social justice that sweeps the world from Russia to Australia, India to Mexico is offered by the recent formation of the Rebel Poets. This fellowship of poets is dedicated to helping bring the Co-operative Commonwealth by serving the labor, feminist and anti-militarist movements and opposing racial and religious intolerance. It has rallied such poets as E. Merrill Root, Robert Whitaker, Countee Cullen, Joseph T. Shipley, Lucia Trent, Benjamin Musser and others of similar standing, many well known to the readers of UNITY. They are less concerned with mapping present-day America than with charting America's future.

RALPH CHEYNEY.

REFLECTIONS

On the Execution of Sacco and Vanzetti

Bitter it is to see the drift of time
Roll back; to see our old, old dreams grow pale,
And vanish to a poet's wistful rime;
To touch with futile hands the slipping grail;
Bitter to mourn above this weary dust,
Knowing the tragic irony of pain,
That life goes back or forward as it must,
And all our tortured passion is in vain. . . .

And yet, such is the restless soul of man,
That we must win each little prize with moan,
Stumbling and bleeding, struggling as we can,
Resting at last in lonely tombs of stone. . . .
Ever and ever while the sweet sun gleams,
We shall be marching onward with our dreams.

JULES FREEDMAN.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyright, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XXXIII AND XXXIV

Literary Training

It was seen in the last chapter how we provided for physical training on the Tolstoy Farm, and incidentally for the vocational. Though this was hardly done in a way to satisfy me, it may be claimed to have been more or less successful. Literary training, however, was a more difficult matter. I had neither the necessary resources, nor the literary equipment, besides which I had not the time I would have wished to devote to the subject. The physical work that I was doing used to leave me thoroughly exhausted at the end of each day, and I used to have the classes just when I was most in need of some rest. Instead, therefore, of my being fresh for the class, I could with the greatest difficulty keep myself awake. The mornings had to be devoted to work on the farm and domestic duties, so the school hours had to be kept after the midday meal. There was no other time suitable for the school. We gave three periods at the most to literary training. Hindi, Tamil, Gujarati and Urdu were all taught and tuition was given through the vernaculars of the boys. English was also taught. It was also necessary to acquaint the Gujarati Hindu children with a little Sanskrit, and to teach all the children elementary history, geography and arithmetic. I had undertaken to teach Tamil and Urdu. The little Tamil I knew was acquired during voyages and in jail. I had not got beyond Pope's excellent Tamil Handbook. My knowledge of the Urdu script was all that I had acquired on a single voyage, and my knowledge of the language was confined to the familiar Persian and Arabic words that I had learnt from contact with Musalman friends. Of Sanskrit I knew no more than I had learnt at the High School, and even my Gujarati was no better than that which one acquires at the school.

Such was the capital with which I had to carry on. In poverty of literary equipment my colleagues went one better than I. But my love for the vernaculars of my country, my confidence in my capacity as a teacher, as also the ignorance of my pupils and, more than that, their generosity, stood me in good stead.

The Tamil boys were all born in South Africa, and therefore knew very little Tamil, and did not know the script at all. So I had to teach them the script and the rudiments of grammar. That was easy enough. My pupils knew that they could any day beat me in Tamil conversation, and when Tamilians not knowing English came to see me, they became my interpreters. I got along merrily, because I never attempted to disguise my ignorance from my pupils. In all respects I showed myself to them exactly as I really was. Therefore in spite of my colossal ignorance of the language I never lost their love and respect. It was comparatively easier to teach the Musalman boys Urdu. They knew the script. I had simply to stimulate in them an interest in reading and to improve their handwriting.

These youngsters were for the most part unlettered and unschooled. But I found in the course of my work that I had very little to teach them, beyond weaning them from their laziness, and supervising their studies. As I was content with this, I could pull on with boys of different ages and learning different subjects in one and the same class room.

Of text-books, about which we hear so much, I never felt the want. I do not even remember having made much use of the books that were available. I did not find it at all necessary to load the boys with quantities of books. I have always felt that the true text-book for the pupil is his teacher. I remember very little that my teachers taught me from books, but I have even now a clear recollection of the things they taught me independently of books. Children take in much more and with less labor through their ears than through their eyes. I do not remember having read any book from cover to cover with my boys. But I gave them in my own language all that I had digested from my reading of various books, and I dare say they are still carrying a recollection of it in their minds. It was laborious for them to remember what they learnt from books, but what I imparted to them by word of mouth they could repeat with the greatest ease. Reading was a task for them, but listening to me was a pleasure, when I did not bore them with failure to make my subject interesting, and from the questions that my talks prompted them to make I had a measure of their power of understanding.

Training of the Spirit

The spiritual training of the boys was a much more difficult matter than their physical and mental training. I relied little on religious books for the training of the spirit. Of course I believed that every student should be acquainted with the elements of his own religion and have a general knowledge of his own scriptures, and therefore I provided for such knowledge as best I could. But that, to my mind, was part of the intellectual training. Long before I undertook the education of the youngsters of the Tolstoy Farm I had realized that the training of the spirit was a thing by itself. To develop the spirit is to build character and to gain a knowledge of God and to have self-realization. And I held that this was an essential part of the training of the young, and that all other training without culture of the spirit was of no use, and might be even harmful.

I am familiar with the superstition that self-realization is possible only in the fourth stage of life, *i. e.*, *sannyasa* (renunciation). But it is a matter of common knowledge that those who defer preparation for this invaluable experience until the last stage of their life, attain not self-realization but old age amounting to a second pitiable childhood, living as a burden on this earth. I have a full recollection that I held these views even whilst I was teaching, *i. e.*, in 1911-12, though possibly I should not then have expressed them in identical language.

How, then, was this spiritual training to be given? I made the children memorize and recite hymns, and I read to them from books on moral training. But that was far from satisfying me. As I came into closer contact with them I saw that it was not through books

that one could impart training of the spirit. Just as physical training was to be imparted through physical exercise, and the intellectual through intellectual exercise, even so the training of the spirit was possible only through the exercise of the spirit. And the exercise of the spirit entirely depended on the life and character of the teacher. The teacher had always to be mindful of his p's and q's, whether he was in the midst of his boys or not. It is possible for a teacher situated miles away to affect the spirit of his pupils by his way of living. It would be idle for me, if I were a liar, to teach my boys to tell the truth. A coward of a teacher would never succeed in making his boys valiant, and a stranger to self-restraint could never teach his pupils the value of self-restraint. I saw therefore that I must be an eternal object lesson for the boys and girls living with me. They thus became my teachers, and I learnt that I must be good and live straight, if only for their sake. I may say that the increasing discipline and restraint I imposed on myself at the Tolstoy Farm was mostly due to those wards of mine.

One of them was wild, unruly, given to lying, and quarrelsome. On one occasion he broke out most violently. I was exasperated. I never punished my boys, but this time I was very angry. I tried to reason with him. But he was adamant, and even tried to overreach me. At last I picked up a ruler lying at hand and delivered a blow on his arm. I trembled as I struck him, and I daresay he noticed it. This was an entirely novel experience for them all. The boy cried out and begged to be forgiven. He cried not because the beating was painful to him, he could, if he had been so minded, have paid me back in the same coin, being a stoutly built youth of seventeen, but he realized my pain in being driven to this violent resource. Never again after this incident did he disobey me. But I still repent that violence. I am afraid I exhibited before him that day not the spirit, but the brute in me.

I have always been opposed to corporal punishment. I remember only one occasion on which I physically punished one of my sons. I have therefore never until this day been able to decide whether I was right or wrong in using the ruler. Probably it was improper, for it was prompted by anger and a desire to punish. Had it been an expression only of my distress I should have considered it justified. But the motive in this case was mixed. This incident set me thinking and taught me a better method of correcting students. I do not know how that method would have availed on the occasion in question. The youngster soon forgot the incident and I do not think he ever showed great improvement. But the incident made me understand better the duty of a teacher towards his pupils. Cases of misconduct on the part of the boys often occurred after this, but I never resorted to corporal punishment. Thus in my endeavor to impart spiritual training to the boys and girls under me I came to understand better and better the power of the spirit.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

Mostly on China

Among the many books that have recently appeared on "China and the Nations" none is better entitled to a careful reading than the little volume under that title by Wong Ching-Wai.[1] It is unlike the others in that it is not addressed to the foreign reader. It is practically an official statement of the Chinese position, being the draft of a report on international problems prepared for the International Problems Committee of the People's Conference of Delegates at Peking in April, 1925. The author was chairman of the Governing Committee of the People's Government of China. It may be considered to express "the permanent opinion of China's National Party and the mass of the Chinese." The introduction is written by a Britisher and is addressed to a British audience, but it is just as good for us. He emphasizes the importance and representative character of the *Kuomintang* (Chinese National Party) and the earnestness with which it urges the restoration to China of all sovereign rights. The report itself is a well-developed, clearly stated and trenchant argument and statement. It concerns itself with Imperialism as applied to China. It defines Imperialism as: "the utilization by any people of its political and military ascendency, for subjecting to its economic encroachment some foreign country or territory or race." France or the United States, though with a democratic form of government, may be as truly imperialistic by this definition as Great Britain or Japan. The influence of Imperialism on World Politics is next considered, after which the main body of the argument is devoted to the influence and result of Imperialism upon China. This is studied through five periods extending from the Opium War of 1840 up to the present. It is presented in interesting fashion and Americans will do well to notice that to Mr. Wong "the open door" policy and "consortiums" are as truly forms of Imperialistic aggression as more violent methods. In fact, from the Dino-Japanese war on our author recognizes two political methods—(a) *the violent method* and (b) *the slow method*. He defines these thus—(a) "the violent method, that is to say the immediate partition of Chinese territory, and the development of economic penetration within each territory so partitioned, (b) "the slow method—to avoid immediate partition; and instead, to mitigate the conflict between the Imperial Powers, and to deceive the eyes and ears of the Chinese people, all the time using the superior political power already obtained as a means to economic encroachment within Chinese territory." Nothing in the whole book is keener or better than the study of the Washington Conference, which, it is said, was not inspired or motivated by Humanity and Justice, but by the self-interest of all concerned." It is a capital example of "the slow method." The book deserves a reading by all, but it is particularly good reading for Americans, who have a smug feeling that we have been China's one great and good friend. It may be worth while for us to see how her present leaders look upon us.

1. China and the Nations. Wong Ching-Wai. Translated by I. Sen Teng and John Nind Smith. New York: MCMXXVII. 16°. pp. xxiv, 137. Frederick A. Stokes Co.

The essays brought together in Dr. MacNair's book[2] were written in China and printed at various times in publications in that country. At the time the author was professor of history and government in St. John's University, Shanghai. The essays are intended primarily for foreigners in China and, to a less degree, for Chinese and both in matter and form are different from what they would probably have been if addressed to a more general public. They touch upon a wide range of topics. The author claims to aim at a balance "which I try to maintain in my contacts with patriotic, and sometimes thoughtful, Chinese students, who find Westerners puzzling if not clearly 'imperialistic' and with foreigners, some of whom find the Chinese of the present day a strange mixture of conservatism and unstable radicalism." Among the topics discussed are "China's Internal Relations," "On American Ignorance of Things Oriental," "Shanghai as Others See It," "Thoughts on Racial Equality," "The Missionary and the Present Crisis," "A Note on Missionary Ethics." These are really important subjects. The author in his effort to maintain balance is rarely interesting, seldom aroused, never enthusiastic. Perhaps the most interesting essays are the sketch of Christianity in China and the two relative to missionaries, mentioned above. In the "Note" the following passage occurs:

> Shall a missionary, for instance, serve his government as an interpreter or as a temporary consular or diplomatic official? Shall he, on his own initiative or by request send information to officials of his government either at home or in China? What shall be the relation of the missionary to business and to business men? For example, shall a missionary or his wife engage in manufactures, in the import or export trade, or in Chinese real estate? Shall a missionary permit a business corporation to erect residences on mission property in an inland city, permit representatives of the corporation to occupy these residences for a period of years and then turn them over to the mission in exchange for the courtesy rendered? What should be the attitude of the missionary in a treaty port to military organizations? Shall missionaries serve as members and officers in volunteer corps? Is a foreign national flag to be used for the protection of mission property? Should converts and non-Christians be housed in mission stations in times of danger?

These are interesting questions which will bear some thought. They do not carry their full significance at a glance. Their formulation is equivalent to admission that missionaries *have* done all these things. What of the ethics involved? In closing our notice, we may state that Dr. MacNair is no longer in China, but is connected with the faculty of the University of Washington.

Nathaniel Peffer is known for his articles from and on China, where he spent several years in studying conditions and in editorial work. He returned from China at the time of the Washington Conference, in 1921, after which he was sent as a correspondent to Turkey and Eastern Europe. In 1926-27, he lectured on *Imperialism* at the new school for Social Research. "The White Man's Dilemma[3]: Climax of the Age of Imperialism," is a development from this course of lectures. Mr. Peffer intentionally ignores the moral aspects of Imperialism in his book; he makes no appeal to ideals or emotion. He makes no plea for altruism or the application of a golden rule.

> Much more forceful arguments can be brought forward, arguments drawn from reality and appealing to the most practical considerations of self-interest. We are confronted with an immediate and inescapable situation. How shall we meet it? We have dependencies which at the best are profitable to us, and at the most are necessary to our economical well-being. They refuse to remain subject to us. Those that have not already defied us give every indication of intention to do so. The only question that need concern us now is what we shall do about it; not what we ought to do but what we can do; and from the point of view wholly and exclusively of our own good.

After stating his standpoint and the question as he sees it, Peffer enters into a full discussion under a series of striking chapter headings, such as: The Results—a World Overrun, Reaction: the Native Worm Turns, Seeds of Hatred, Trumpets of Armageddon, America Gets Its Stride. When the dilemma is clearly before us, he asserts that we must seize one or the other horn. He inclines to think we would better

> seize the one which will take us out entirely, the cost will be dire; there need be no self-deception on that score. But it is probably the smaller cost of the two between which we must choose. Above all, our best hope lies in making the decision while it is still ours to make; either consciously, on full deliberation and knowing why, rigorously to repress the rebellous subject nationalities, now when the initiative is ours and there is more likelihood that we can; or at once to get about the business of liquidation and cut them loose, now when there is more likelihood that the surgery will not be fatal to ourselves.

The story of our pioneers commands a never ceasing interest. Among them, George Rogers Clark has been strangely neglected. His work was of extraordinary importance to our young nation. In his introduction to this little book[4] Prof. Woodburn says:

> Possession in the old northwest beyond the Alleghanies came not so much by the tide of natural migration as by military conquest. Both factors combined—the pioneer spirit and the circumstance of war—to determine the mastery in this region.

This military conquest was due to George Rogers Clark. Born in Virginia in 1752, as a young man he wandered out, a pioneer, into the wilderness. At nineteen years of age, he went beyond the Blue Ridge, into the then far "West." He hunted, fished, surveyed, took up land. He scouted and soldiered. In Lord Dunmore's War in 1774, he served as a captain of militia. A natural leader, he kindled confidence in his followers. When the Revolutionary War came on, he urged Virginia to equip him for the bold enterprise of driving the British from their posts and seizing the Northwest for the colonies. With half-hearted endorsement, with scant equipment, and in the face of discouragement and hardships, he and his little force of pioneers pushed their way through to Fort Vincennes. By its capture he gained for the Americans that area from which Indiana and Illinois have been carved. His achievement was at personal loss and sacrifice; he was never adequately recognized or reinbursed. He died old, neglected and unhappy. It is true that Virginia presented him a sword and gave him a small pension—inadequate return for great services. The story is here well told, appropriately by an Indiana writer. It is a simple narrative for young readers.

We confess to a momentary vexation that "The Singing Farmer"[5] was sent in for review. When we opened it we read it through without pause. It is a reading book for little children. But it is a *real* reader,

2. **China's International Relations and Other Essays.** Harley Farnsworth MacNair. Shanghai: 1926. The Commercial Press, Ltd. 16°. pp. ix, 326.
3. **The White Man's Dilemma.** Nathaniel Peffer. New York: MCMXXVII. The John Day Co. 16°. pp. ix, 312.
4. **George Rogers Clark.** Ross F. Lockridge. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1927. World Book Co. 16°. pp. xxi, 210.
5. **The Singing Farmer.** James S. Tippett. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1927. World Book Co. 16°. pp. 90.

of a new kind. It introduces the child to the common things of the farm and the farmer. It is intended to go with construction play—the children making the house, the barn, the shed; stocking the farm with animals of their own modelling. The book is a remarkable bit of work. It builds up an astonishing vocabulary for the child and the matter is so presented that the words will remain in the memory, while the drill that fixes them does not worry or tire. A child may well learn colt, calf, chicken, gosling, duckling, kitten and pup at the same time that he learns horse, cow, hen, goose, duck, cat and dog; but how many children have done so? And why may not children accurately learn number words and adjectives at the same time as nouns? Few of them do it. And it is a good thing when reading is quickened and illuminated by appropriate pictures, as it is here—artfully done by Elizabeth Tyler Wolcott.

FREDERICK STARR.

An Atheist Denounces God

Few people have imagined life so intolerable as it is depicted in this short book.* We come into the world accidentally, painfully, for no purpose whatever; all our organs are defective; health is not contagious while disease is; we eat our fellow creatures who in turn prey upon one another; instead of life being a privilege, it is a prison, wherein we must suffer fearful pains and still more fearful thoughts; we are entirely mechanical with no souls and no hereafter. The only thing worth while is the love of the opposite sex, but that is fraught with jealousies and is often only temporary. Life is not worth living but we are afraid to die. However, twelve thousand a year do commit suicide in the United States.

These terrifying conditions, unrelieved by any pleasure, are due to the tyranny of God. But there is no God!

WILLIAM FLOYD.

*The Tyranny of God, by Joseph Lewis. Freethought Press Association. $1.50.

The Quest

The road was long, and hard the path he trod,
A wanderer at enmity with God,
For he had striven to reach the promised land
Of rest and love. And he had seen the hand—
With finger pointing to the journey's end—
A mocking sign, he thought, to make him wend
A tortuous way—an ever length'ning road—
And that thought hurt him like a fest'ring goad,
A way without an end, a futile goal,
Grim punishment for his despairing soul.
The wanderer had searched in vain to find
A haven for his heart and for his mind,
Those heavy burdens of his trembling frame,
The fretful twain of his aspiring aim,
Strange, restless, yearning couple of his youth
That sent him on the quest for love and truth.
And as the years fell back upon the miles,
The roads wore on his feet like grating files;
And fast the years drew shorter as he passed,
Each mile grew longer, longer than the last;
His longing heart beat stronger as his strength
Waned in his limbs—all through the torrid length
Of summer days. "Oh God," he cried in pain,
"Chill thou my heart. The search is all in vain.
There is no haven for my aching mind;
No solace for my soul. Oh, God, be kind:
Now let me fall down dead in endless sleep,
And slumber in the everlasting deep
Of night's wide ocean—in thy sea of death
Where those who weep draw never painful breath."
Day after day, year after year, he strode
Under the crushing burden of his load,
Unheeded by his God, or death, or man,
While from his soul the sweat of torture ran;
Wind-torn, sun-beaten, parched, and blister-sore—
As length'ning miles grew longer, more and more—
'Til black despair fell down upon his age,
And filled his heart and mind with baffled rage.
Then through a night of anguish deep he paced
To the rising of a hill where Phoebus faced
The shadows of night's skies, and sent his rays
Wide flashing through the dawn of pearly greys.
The toil of scaling up that awful steep
Shook down the dew that falls when angels weep
To see a son of God in agony—
To live it all again in memory!
The crest he gained, and wiping from his eyes
The bloody tears, he looked upon the skies
Of cloudless blue above a boundless sea—
Which sang a song of everlasting glee:
"See! Here am I, the haven you desire.
Leap on my breast while this celestial fire
Gilds all the billows of my surging love,
For I am she sent by thy God above
To take your heart to its fair home of bliss,
Where passion is one long eternal kiss.
Come to my realm, and sink in radiant joy
Into my sea of love, and there employ
The myriad arts of soul, and mind, and heart—
Here where the fountains of all living start."
The long road ended at that sacred spot—
The wanderer heard the voice, but saw her not—
The painful journey o'er, the quest fulfilled,
His strength returned, then all his being thrilled,
And soon his eyes saw clear, and fragrant airs
Played on his brow, and swept away his cares.
"What art thou, voice? What nymph of Triton's speaks?
Art thou the maid the sailor-lover seeks,
When, beaten by the gale, he casts adrift
His salt-lashed soul—the last despairing shift
To leeward where the golden sand is trod
By her who takes the sea-soul to its God?"
So spoke the wanderer to the swelling main,
And speaking, speedily forgot his pain,
His heart regenerate was eased of woe;
His mind refreshed took on a happier glow;
His clouded soul awoke in him and shone—
The memory of the journey dire was gone.
Again he heard the voice; he listened, mute,
To voice as soothing as a perfect lute.
"Nay, I am she, the haven you would find:
The sanctuary of God and man combined,
Where thought, and joy, and passion may be found
For living things. No refuge for the drowned
Am I. And would you know me? See my face?
Then trust me, wanderer, and leave all trace
Of passion's past, and weariness, and tears,
All earth's humiliations, griefs, and fears,
And plunge down deep into my yearning arms,
Know now thy haven, and its wondrous charms.
I am the being of thy fondest thought,
The vision and the dream that thou hast sought—
Unknowable unless thou hold me fast—
No worldly eye on me was ever cast—
Unseeable by all who would desire
Alone the joy of my deep passion's fire.
To know, and feel, and see my body fair,
Both heart and mind must every danger dare;
Mind seeking mind through painful, fearful quest,
Can realize the search and know me best."
And then the sea, and sky, and breezes sang,
While all the joyous ripples of the ocean rang;
Sweet ecstacy suffused the wanderer's soul,
And plunging where the great wide billows roll
He sank, and found the citadel of peace
For heart and mind where longings ever cease—
Upon her breast. . . .
Deep in that sea of bliss
They rest revealed to each, and knowing see,
And seeing know, and loving—seal their kiss
Of peace, beyond the gates of mystery.

FRANCIS NEILSON.

Correspondence

A Counter-Reply

[On May 16th, 1927, UNITY published an unsolicited article by Mrs. O'Hare, written in reply to an editorial by Mr. Skinner. In this article, Mrs. O'Hare made attacks on the Socialist Party. Answers to these attacks were promptly made by two representatives of the Party, Mr. O'Neal and Mrs. King, and were, of course, published by UNITY in the spirit of fair play. Mrs. O'Hare has demanded that these letters be withdrawn and due apology offered. UNITY has declined to do this, but agreed to print a statement by Mrs. O'Hare in her own defense. This statement, in the form of a letter, is submitted herewith. It is to be remembered that Mrs. O'Hare herself started the controversy to which she now so vigorously objects.—Editors.]

Editor of UNITY:

There was published in the May 16th, 1927, issue of UNITY an article which I wrote entitled "Why We Are Weary." Subsequent events demonstrate quite fully why radicals become weary.

In the July, 11th, 1927, issue two letters written by James O'Neal and Bertha Hale King, purporting to be a reply to my generalizations, were published. The most charitable thing one could say of them is that they were written without knowledge of the facts and with no consideration for accuracy. That they should have been published in a journal like UNITY without the slightest effort being made to ascertain their truthfulness; that they should have been broadcast without my having received the editorial courtesy of seeing them before they were published, demonstrates the fact that the radical movement, for the most part, shows neither courtesy nor fairness to the workers in its ranks. Without the slightest effort being made to determine the validity of the statements made in these two letters a woman's good name and reputation were trampled in the mud of slander without a single thought or care for fairness or justice.

Is it strange that we are weary?

I did not see the letters for months, not until they were called to my attention by a friend who protested that I should permit them to go uncorrected. I then gave both UNITY and the writers more months in which to redress the wrong as far as possible, and without results. It now becomes my painful duty to myself and children, and the labor movement as a whole, to give the facts.

1. The Socialist Party never at any time offered to provide an attorney to handle my defense; it did not defray any of the expenses of my defense; they were paid by my employer, Phil Wagner.

2. The attorney who did handle the defense was not chosen by me but retained by Roger Baldwin, over my protest, for the Civil Liberties Bureau, who however did not pay him.

3. The Socialist Party did make some arrangements for a well known Socialist attorney to handle the appeal to the Circuit Court, but when the time came to appear he was too busy with another and better paying case to handle mine. A few days before the time set for the hearing, when asked what his intentions were, he stated that he was "too busy" to care for the interests of his client, and that he had "forgotten" to notify me. Judge Chester H. Krum was retained by St. Louis friends to appear before the Circuit Court and to carry the case to the Supreme Court. Funds to defray the expenses of the appeal to higher courts were raised by personal friends and by borrowing, and the Socialist Party made no contribution of money or services, except what might have been paid to the attorney who totally neglected the case.

4. Contribution blanks by the thousands were circulated bearing the picture of myself and children, and asking funds to secure my release, but to the best of my knowledge not one cent of the funds so raised were used for that purpose.

5. On entering prison no communication of any sort ever came to me from the National Office, or any official of the party, and it made not the slightest effort to care for my comfort or welfare. Individual members did, particularly the Kate O'Hare Committee of New York, headed by Helen Holman, and including in its membership practically all the active Socialist women of that city. Charles Ervin, editor of the New York *Call*, also did everything in his power in my behalf.

6. The prison officials at Jefferson City were just as anxious to be rid of me as I was to be released. When I had been there a year the warden came to me and said, in substance: "You are a d—— fool to stay here. The Department of Justice wants to get you off their hands. Why don't the Socialist Party do something in your case? You have given your life to it, and it is willing that you should rot and die here. You have never had a single word from its officials since you came. Prod it into action. Take all the time you need to write the necessary letters to force action." He suggested that the best line of approach was to have the party make a survey of the case in North Dakota and provide some new facts on which a commutation might be based. I wrote to the National Secretary as the warden suggested. In March, 1920, the N. E. C. sent George Rower to North Dakota. He secured no new material which had not been covered by Prof. Zeuch of Cornell University and the Chicago Church Federation, but his fresh presentation of the facts did give the administration an excuse for action. I have at all times given Mr. Rower full credit for this work, though it came long after, and not before, the work of similar nature done by others. I was arrested in July, 1917; the first real action taken by the S. P. in my case was in March, 1920; three years of inaction and neglect, to give it the most charitable name, had intervened. Mine was the first case under the "Espionage Act"; the S. P. had money, for it was easy to raise money then; it spent thousands of dollars, I have never been able to get the exact sum, for the defense of the members of the N. E. C. Its refusal to assist in any way in my defense was not because of lack of funds, but because I was disliked by the individual who always had, and still does dominate the S. P. as his personal property. The statement made by King and O'Neal that I would not co-operate with the S. P. is untrue. When it refused, or at least completely failed, to take any action in my defense or efforts to secure my release, we were compelled to develop our own resources.

7. The next day after my release the National Secretary came to St. Louis and asked whether I would stay with the S. P. or go with the Communists. The reply was that we were terribly hurt over the treatment I had received, but that I was a Socialist and would stay with the Party. I was asked to work for the N. E. C. *during the campaign,* but with no provision for employment after its close. My wage was to be $100 per week, and a week's work was anything from seven to fifteen meetings. The wage was ordinarily less than $10 per meeting. I was to raise all funds possible at meetings and turn them over to the N. E. C. This I did, and no other series of meetings up to that time, with the possible exception of the "Red Special," ever brought the S. P. as great financial returns. The charge was made that I would not do "team-work" and insisted on "freelancing." Had I cared to make this trip "on my own," nothing could have prevented me. I would have had as many meetings as I could make, raised just as much money, used it to pay the debts contracted during my trial and imprisonment, but I turned the funds over to the S. P. and I am still slaving away trying to pay those debts.

A study of the records of the S. P. since 1900 will show that I was always "regular" and "right-wing"; that I held practically every elective position in the S. P. for which I cared to accept the nomination. I was always elected by the votes of both Eastern and Western members. I was elected International Secretary and represented the U. S. in the International Bureau meeting in London in 1913. I received the largest number of votes of any delegate attending the Emergency Convention of April, 1917, was a member of the committee that wrote the S. P. "War Manifesto," and by virtue of that vote became its chairman, the target of the Department of Justice, and the first political prisoner. This long record of holding elective positions could not have existed had I not held the confidence and respect of the rank and file members of the S. P. My election to the position of International Secretary and the chairmanship of the committee that wrote the "War Manifesto" is the explanation of why I received no assistance at my trial, appeals to higher courts, or during the long battle for release until it was forced. I had long been a thorn in the flesh of the dictator of the S. P., and

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

MAXIM GORKI ON SOVIET RUSSIA

[The celebration in March of Gorki's 60th birthday, duly noted in UNITY, gives occasion for the publication of Gorki's statement on Russia which was written on the 10th anniversary of the Revolution.—EDITORS.]

"Ten years have passed, but the Soviet's power stands, becomes firmer, and angers all its enemies by its vitality.

"It is getting stronger and is creating in the Soviet Union the foundation for the construction of a new world. As such a foundation I regard the unchaining of the subjugated will to live—that is, the will to create, for life means creation. Everywhere free human activity is profaned and violated through senseless and cynical exploitation. The capitalist political order destroys the joy of creative work and makes labor a curse, and not the free expression of the creative power of human beings. This is known.

"It seems to me that in the Soviet Union human beings are beginning to work in the consciousness of the significance of labor for the State, in the conscousness that work alone is the direct road to liberty and culture. The Russian worker is not merely earning a miserable existence, as used to be the case; he is creating a State for himself. He feels that he is gradually becoming master of the whole country and the leader of the peasantry on the road to freedom.

"He is learning to understand that the whole world belongs to the working people; that science offers him this world as raw material for the creation of everything useful; that science conquers the forces of nature in order to lighten mankind's hard labor. Soon he will have to understand that labor creates not only material values but something incomparably greater: the consciousness of the power of human reason and his destiny to overcome any and all resistance through intelligent will to action.

"The Russian worker is learning, bearing in mind the legacy of his leader, Vladimir Lenin, to rule his State successfully—this is a fact the importance of which cannot be exaggerated.

"Great credit must be given to the Soviet power for its creation of a wonderful press, which so intelligently and completely makes the population of the Union acquainted with the life of the whole world and pitilessly uncovers the lies and dirt of that life.

"The Russian people are living under the constant influence of the free and severe words of truth about all world happenings, about the cruel shamelessness, the unbridled desires of the ruling class, and how that class is becoming insane in its process of degeneration, and how the healthy desire of the oppressed for its abolition is growing. This is the most important thing to know, and the Soviet press understands how to teach it.

"When a person is 60 years old, he begins to feel surfeited with the 'negative' characteristics of mankind and feels the need of establishing positive sides. This need is not the result of weariness. It arises because a person understands what power is needed by the modern Russian to conquer the 'old Adam' in him—the heritage of past centuries.

"It is a known and undisputed fact that the capitalist order is never able anywhere to rear 'good' human beings. And when we think of the conditions under which Russians of today who are from 35 to 45 years old and who are now constructing the new life grew up, we certainly are not surprised that they have retained some weaknesses, but we are surprised that they are not worse than they are and that they are constantly perfecting themselves.

"I am not inclined to minimize the evils, but I am also not inclined to demand from any one things that he is not yet able to do. In my opinion the human being of whom I am speaking is more than good enough, just as he is. * * *

"It is not my business to talk about something that others will say better —about the gigantic work that has been done in Russia in the last ten years.

"My joy and my pride is in the new Russian, the creator of the new State. This small but great man, who is to be found in all corners of the country —in the factories and in the villages, lost in the steppes and the Siberian forests, in the mountains of the Caucasus and the tundras of the North; this often very lonely man who must work among persons who understand him only with difficulty; this creator

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my election to these coveted positions wounded his morbid ego until he felt that my arrest and imprisonment was a "Divine dispensation" which he accepted with "Christian resignation," and he was able to effectually block any wish on the part of other officials to give me the same financial support given other members of the Party who came in conflict with the "Espionage Act" because of official activities.

9. The statement that I was ever subject to criticism because of failure to "make reports" is just silly. I never worked for the N. E. C. except during the campaign in 1920, a manager traveled with me, and I had nothing to do with reports. All my other work was done for state organizations, until I went to work for the *National Rip-Saw*. Here my work was handled by state and local organizations, just as Eugene V. Debs' work was handled when he worked for the *Appeal to Reason*, and later when he was my co-editor and fellow-worker on the *Rip-Saw*. We were both handled by Frank O'Hare and he is a report crank.

10. I was a dues paying member of the S. P. from 1900 and have never had the slightest connection with the Communist groups, or any of the other groups mentioned. I have paid dues in the following organizations: S. P., League of Women Voters, League for Industrial Democracy, Fellowship for Reconciliation and the American Federation of Teachers, and only in these except for clubs of local character. I did work in the LaFollette campaign under the direction of George Goebel and the Socialist group in New Jersey. They paid me more per meeting than the N. E. C. and were perfectly satisfied.

11. The Children's Crusade was a matter of opinion, in which I concede any one the right to hold any opinion they see fit, but to keep within the truth when discussing it. All those most interested were satisfied; who else had any right to protest? There is not a particle of evidence to support the statement that the Crusade was a subscription drive for the magazine we owned. It is pure, unadulterated "bunk" at the very least. The statement that we expected the S. P. to adjust its plans to suit our convenience is piffle, and the silly claim that some delegate to the National Convention had reported statements on our part seriously reflecting on the National Secretary is worse than piffle. We owned at that time the publication having the largest circulation still in existence in the S. P. Had we cared to attack any one, we could have done it most effectively in our own magazine.

Mrs. King's statement that I always seemed to act on the assumption that the S. P. existed to serve me, or that she knew the general feeling while I was still a member of the S. P. was that the Party could not afford nor was it benefited by my services, will be branded by 99.9% of the former members of the S. P. not only as stupid, but something more sinister still. As will also her statement that I was never a constructive worker in the organization which lifted me from obscurity, and which I sadly abused. The S. P. in every state in the country used my services in every possible capacity, and to the limit, and sent me by popular vote to represent it in an International Conference. I had not only a local but a national reputation as an efficient and constructive worker in the S. P. while Mrs. King was still in pinafores.

A weary radical? Why not?

When an organization which once held the loyalty and the ideals of a million voters, and to which I and hundreds more like me gave all the best years of our lives, descends to gutter scandalmongering, and a publication like UNITY gives the baseless scandal publicity without an effort to determine its truthfulness, have we reason to be weary?

Yea, verily, I am weary! Have I not sufficient reason?

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.

Mena, Arkansas.

of his State, who modestly does a seemingly small piece of work that is of vast historical significance, is the one to whom I send my sincere greetings.

"Comrade! May you know and believe that you are the most necessary human being in the world! With your detail work you have really begun to create a new world.

"Learn and teach! I give you a hearty handshake, Comrade!"

INTERNATIONAL FELLOWSHIP OF RECONCILIATION

Monthly News Sheet
Belgium

Against Memorials of War Hatred.

A Swiss student writes from Louvain, in Belgium: "Keen controversy is raging amongst the Americans who have contributed to the funds for the restoration of the University Library of Louvain as to the inscription which is to adorn the new building. Under the heading 'Louvain and Locarno,' the well-known sportsman De Soete writes in the Belgian *Soir* of this dispute."

The American building committee had decided upon the following inscription for the new library: *Détruite par la fureur germanique, restaurée grace aux dons américains* (destroyed by German frenzy, restored by American gifts). Nicholas Murray Butler, the well-known Principal of Columbia University, opposed this phrase. Referring to the spirit of Locarno, he waxed indignant against the mentality that desired public buildings and memorials still to bear tokens of war hatred and malice, whilst humanity was striving for a reconciliation of the peoples and universal peace. He therefore proposed the simple inscription: *In bello reducta, in pace restituta* (Fallen in war, restored in peace). The architect of the new premises for the Louvain Library, Whitney Warren, will not hear of any change. According to him the Germans have merited the eternal stigma of their "cowardly deed." An agreement on this point has not yet been reached.

Up to now the academic authorities of Louvain have not taken part in the dispute, but naturally they should have the final word. Their decision will surely be in favor of Butler's version. The Senate of Louvain will hardly desire to bring upon themselves the curse of being for ever stigmatized in the history of efforts towards peace as the enemy of Locarno. Perhaps the Principal of the University of Louvain, well known for his tolerance and desire for reconciliation, will succeed in preventing the profanation of the magnificent new University Library by an unworthy incitement to war. (*Neue Zürcher Zeitung, January 18, 1928*).

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THE AMERICAN DISCOVERY OF RUSSIA— SUMMER OF 1928

The two greatest nations on earth no longer know each other. Volumes have been written. But in the past ten years a mere handful of American social workers, writers, and business men, has seen revolutionary Russia. Still fewer Russians have visited America. A Russian or American in the other's country has the status of a visitor from Mars.

Last summer two parties of American students and intellectual workers, men and women, toured Russia through the instrumentality of the National Student Federation of America and the Open Road. The same organizations are again sending a few groups. Each will comprise eight members under the leadership of an informed American, and will be accompanied in Russia by a Russian interpreter.

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